

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." Cooper.



THE ABBÉ SURPRISED BY MR. CASE.

THE SALE OF CALLOWFIELDS.

CHAPTER XV.

"This precious secret let me hide." —Cotton.

"**M**EES, Mees Millett!" cried the abbé, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

"I'm coming, sir," said Kezia, in her cheerful tone.

The abbé was in bed. He had had a relapse, Kezia declared, through his obstinacy in reading his

No. 1193.—NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

letters on his first appearance in the front room. He was weak and nervous, and his kind nurse would not allow him to get up till the middle of the day. She had never invaded his sleeping apartment since his partial convalescence, for, as she remarked to Mrs. Higgins, "Although both she and the abbé were too old for any prudish nonsense, yet there were proprieties in life that ought always to be observed."

So when he called "*Mees! Mees!*" when he heard her foot on the stairs, as if she were making

Y Y

PRICE ONE PENNY.

for the front door, he meant to summon her to the crack of the folding-doors that divided, as has been described, his bedroom from his sitting-room.

Kezia, who half expected the summons, was at her post by the time she had answered.

"You are dere?" inquired the abbé, from within.

"Yes, anything wanted?" asked Kezia, briskly.

"Yes, mees; if you will be so good to buy for me some what you call—I cannot say it—oh, dear! what a bad head I have."

"What is it for?" asked Kezia, thinking she might gain thereby some insight into the required article.

"Humph!" cried the abbé, with a guttural emphasis, "it is for—me."

"Is it eggs?" asked Kezia.

"No," said the abbé.

"Coffee?" asked Kezia.

"No, no," said the abbé, "noting of eating at all."

"Dear me! paper and envelopes?" inquired Kezia, getting curious as well as interested.

"No, it is not of writing I want," said the abbé.

"What can it be?" said Kezia, putting her eye to the crack instead of her ear (forgive her, reader, there was more kindness than curiosity in the act), and there, as the bed was admirably situated for a view, she saw the poor abbé sitting up in it, arrayed in his robe de chambre, with the flaps pinned over his shoulders shawlwise, his nightcap on his head, his spectacles on his nose, darning a hole in a woollen stocking! He had a long thread in his needle, and drew it out to the whole stretch of his arms at every stitch. Kezia did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Fearing he would see her, she retreated, and as if a sudden thought had struck her, cried,

"I suppose it is nothing in the drapery way?"

"Drape way," exclaimed the abbé, "what is dat?"

"Why, needles and threads, and wool, and—"

"It is wools, it is wools, mees; you are ver good. I tank you, I wants it—some wool," said the abbé, and Kezia, having received her commission, went off on her expedition, telling him she hoped to find him up and dressed by her return, and putting a match to the sitting-room fire as she passed, that it might be ready for him.

"La, la, la, la!" sang the abbé, in somewhat quavering music, a glow of pleasure warming his heart as the thought of Kezia's kindness came over him.

"She is ver good. Pah! what it is to do it in my bed!" he exclaimed, suddenly changing his tone, as his long thread got in a tangle, and he could not pull it through. He was so earnest in overcoming this difficulty, that Mrs. Higgins knocked twice at the folding-doors before he heard her.

"What you want?" he asked, when he did. "What! you have not come back, mees?"

"It's me, sir, Mrs. Higgins. Here's a gentleman wishes particular to see you," she added, speaking through the crack.

"Shut de door, Madame Higgin," exclaimed the abbé, not at all disposed to exhibit himself under his present circumstances, "I beg of you to shut de door."

"Yes, sir," she replied, opening it a little wider. "Please sir, what shall I say to the gentleman?"

"Tell him I am in my bed. I have been very ill; who is he? Has he say his name?"

There was little need for Mrs. Higgins to convey

these several remarks to the gentleman in the next room, since they were pretty nearly as audible in the one as the other, but she did, and returned to the crack with an answer.

"The gentleman says he's a stranger, sir, and he's come to you on professional business."

"It is new pupil," thought the abbé, at once elated and distressed by the idea. "Tell him I am sorry; if he shall wait, I shall make my toilet and attend him."

"Please sir," said Mrs. Higgins, returning with fresh instructions, "the gentleman says he can't wait, but if you'd let him see you for a moment, he won't give you the trouble to get up."

"But I cannot," said the abbé. "How can I see strange gentleman in all dis?"

"I beg you will not distress yourself," said a voice through the crack; "I fear I am taking a liberty, but I really haven't a minute to spare, and I am so anxious to obtain your services for a friend of mine, having heard you so very highly spoken of, that I cannot go without seeing you."

"Saar, I am quite ashame," said the abbé, putting the arm that had the stocking on it under the clothes, and with the other unpinning the flaps of his dressing-gown. "If you will come in, I am sorry I can't give you a polite reception."

The stranger entered, and seemed to take so little interest in the things around, that the abbé was speedily reassured and reconciled to the visit.

"I have called upon you owing to the accounts I have received of your great success with your pupils. You had one, a Mr. Firebrace, I believe?"

The abbé smiled and laid his hand upon his heart, in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I believe you were of great service to him in teaching him your language?"

"Aha!" said the abbé, "he has told you so?"

"Well, at any rate, he feels under great obligations to you, and regards you in the light of a friend."

"Oh, he is my friend, Monsieur Fireplace," cried the abbé, with great animation. "He is ver good—but for de French—"

"Dear me! then possibly he flattered himself; but he had great advantages—he lived here with you, I think?"

"Oh yes, he has live here."

"Not in the same rooms, I suppose?" said the gentleman, laughing.

"De same room! Oh, no! he have two ver good room upstairs; but he is now in France."

"Well, he was very handy for lessons, at all events, while he was here."

"Yes," said the abbé, "I give my lesson in de front room."

"I suppose so; and then you could teach him at night when your other business was over."

"Yes, I teach him many time in de night."

"As he was not very ready at it, I'll answer for it, if ever you were interrupted in a lesson, he would make his escape into this room."

"Dis room? Yes, he has come in dis room. Why you ask?" said the abbé, suddenly, looking curiously at his visitor.

"Oh, I was only thinking how easy it would be. With such a chance of hiding, I shouldn't mind having a lesson myself, old as I am," said the stranger, looking towards the corner by the folding-doors.

"You
"is it
sorry

"No
when yo
the ill
terms, i
out his
disgust,
the stra
on all p
dejected

Scarce
Kezia's
moment,
life," sh
"Why
with asto
Has he b
"Do
tired and
intrusion
Monsieu

"Him
and wat
Firebrac
poisoned
all his fr
did he w

"Wha
de door a
tell you a

"I de
Kezia, "
man goes

A few
passed up

"So,"
course, I
that was
of all tha
any rate,

It was
returned
expected,
suspicions
as he sat
wick had

He gen
if he did
good man
arose fro
faith, of l

But wh

the r
wisdom o

"When
On this g
sagacious

Mr. CASE
good one
not be so

He gen
if he did
good man
arose fro
faith, of l

"You want lesson?" asked the abbé, quickly; "is it for yourself?"

"No; for a friend, who will be very glad of them when you are able to give them. I am exceedingly sorry that that is not the case now."

He then made a few inquiries as to the cause of the illness and its duration, and asked for a card of terms, in reaching to get which, the abbé brought out his hand with the stocking on it, to his infinite disgust, a movement entirely unnoticed, however, by the stranger; and then, appearing perfectly satisfied on all points, he left the abbé half-pleased and half-dejected.

Scarcely had the door closed upon him when Kezia's latch-key rattled in the lock, another moment, and, forgetful of all the "proprieties of life," she was at the wide open folding-doors.

"Why, munshoo!" she exclaimed, out of breath with astonishment, "do you know who's been here? Has he been to see *you*?"

"Do I know?" asked the abbé, peevishly, for, tired and excited as he was, he resented this second intrusion on his privacy. "It is some friend of Monsieur Fireplace."

"Him friend of Mr. Firebrace? Yes, when fire and water *coalesc*, then will he be friendly with Mr. Firebrace. Why, it's Mr. Caleb Case, that has poisoned Miss King's mind against her nephew and all his friends. I saw him, he didn't see me. What did he want?"

"What he want? I wish, mees, you would shut de door and leave me to make my toilet, and I shall tell you all he has speaken when I am dress."

"I declare he's made you look quite ill," said Kezia, "whatever he's been doing. Wherever that man goes, he leaves his mark."

A few words on Mr. Caleb Case's reflections as he passed up the street will finish this chapter.

"So," he thought; "it's clear enough now; of course, Firebrace could hear in the inner room all that was said in the other, and had the full benefit of all that precious wiseacro's revelations. Well, at any rate, I know the worst, and so far am armed."

It was from this expedition that Mr. Case had returned after leaving the office when Baldwick was expected, and it was the certainty that his worst suspicions were realised that occupied his thoughts as he sat with his head upon his hands after Baldwick had left.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Let us be patient, these severe afflictions,
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

—Longfellow.

Mr. CASE never did anything without a reason; a good one in his own eyes, though possibly it might not be so in the eyes of the reader.

He generally gained the end at which he aimed; if he did not, it was not from lack of headpiece or good management on his part—his failures always arose from the deficiencies, either in wit or good faith, of his agents.

But when Queen Elizabeth's credit was impeached by the remark, "She ruled wisely through the wisdom of her ministers," it was sharply asked, "When did a foolish prince choose wise ministers?" On this ground it may be asked, "Why did not the sagacious, penetrating, long-headed Mr. Case ascer-

tain the length and breadth, mental and moral, of his agents and associates before he employed them?

Ah, reader! "Why didn't he?" is so easy to say. Depend upon it he did his best; there was no blame to him in that particular; but remember, he had a great many irons in the fire, and it was not wonderful if some of them burnt his fingers.

He never trusted any one—that was his unfailing maxim; he kept in his own breast the whole truth of every matter, letting out such portions to those interested or engaged in it as in his jealous judgment he thought needful.

It was through no fault of his that his wealth was not countless and his power undisputed. Sometimes, when the halting of a trusted emissary had thrown impediments in his way, and clouds gathered in his horizon, he would ask himself what he was working for—why he sacrificed his ease in such sort, seeing that his plans, admirably wise as they were, were insecure by means of his associates in carrying them out.

But the great Mr. Caleb Case was not now a free agent. Time had been when he might have thrown aside his labours—that time had ceased to be.

He had been a widower for many years, and of his family, none had outlived infancy; therefore there seemed no reason why he should at an advanced age allow himself to be victimised with anxiety and hard work. For he worked very hard; he had the duties of his post to fulfil, and they were somewhat onerous; then he had the management of the great King property, and large properties give great trouble, as every one confesses, though few if any who say it would give one up, or not get one if possible. Then his own money matters were a source of perplexity, of course; it was supposed that he outdid the King property by a vast deal. In addition to all this, he had the credit of being so infallible in judgment and so omnipotent in his influence, that when people could do nothing for themselves they came to him, and generally found their account in it.

"If I had his money, would I spend my life in this dingy place!" Fisher would think, when his head ached after a more than ordinary day's work.

But we have gone far from the statement at the opening of this chapter.

Mr. Case did nothing without a reason.

He had had a reason for selling Callowfields; he had had a reason for keeping the title-deeds in his own possession while assuring Baldwick that they did not exist; he had had a reason for every step he had taken with regard to Miss King and her nephew; but none of these reasons, nor those which induced him to work sometimes early and late in that "dingy place" were divined by any.

He had for a reason his knowledge of Cordell Firebrace's return to England. When he left the message for Fisher that he would not be wanted at the office till the following day, his opinion of his clerk's discretion (notwithstanding his late compliments) was at zero, and he had no mind to trust him with the enemy in his absence, for that afternoon he purposed to pay a visit to Miss King.

Miss King had supplied the place of Kezia by a lady who said "episcopalian," and "metropolitan," and "lucubration," and all other of those words which her predecessor's original renderings had made such offences to the ears of "her cousin" before company, in their generally accepted forms.

But where was the kind sympathy in sickness?

the cheerful spirit in that complaint—so frequent with the idle rich—low spirits? the helpful hand that disposed of many a necessary work, the patient temper that submitted without resentment to the fretful caprices of a self-indulgent woman, weak as imperious?

All these had vanished with Kezia. The lady who had followed her had evinced from the first her unmistakable intention of making herself amends for living with so uninteresting a companion as Miss King, by being as comfortable as outward circumstances would allow, and of conveying to her her own conviction that the favour of the engagement was wholly enjoyed by the employer.

Miss King was amazed by the first of these manifestations; the elegance, the style, the manners of her new companion, what were they in comparison with all she had lost in Kezia?

When Mr. Case called upon her that afternoon, he found the two ladies in the drawing-room, looking anything but well pleased with each other; in truth, there had been a declaration of war, and articles of an immediate separation were being propounded.

Miss King looked as if she had received an invincible ally when her trustee entered the room, and welcomed him with greater cordiality, if possible, than ever; and her quondam companion, who had gained much better terms in retreating than she could have hoped for, left them together that she might make speedy arrangements for her departure.

With the door shut, and a conversation carried on in voices that would hardly have helped the longest ears of the most inquisitive walls, who can say what passed in its course? Mr. Case remained there more than an hour, and when he left his face wore its serenest smile, and Miss King's was triumphant with self-congratulation on the possession of such a friend.

When Mr. Case was in his carriage, leaning back with folded arms, he did not smile, the corners of his mouth were down, his eyelids dropped—there was a frown on his brow.

Perhaps Fisher was right; he had a cold, or it might be the fog which had successfully baffled the efforts of the sun to shine that day, and now worked itself in at the sides of the windows, as if determined to dim the clear wits of Mr. Case also.

We will leave him at any rate during a part of his drive and return to the abbé, whom we left very uncomfortable.

"What a fog it is!" he exclaimed, while making his toilet. "It gets in my nose, in my throat, in my eyes. In France dere is not dis miserable fogs. Oh, dear! now I shall go back to my country; all my hope is gone—fly away! *Hélas!*"

And it was with the ruefullest of rueful faces that he went shivering into the sitting-room and took his seat by the fire.

"I wish—I wish—my omelette—I should like—I cannot make it; she has take away my fry-pan; she will not let stay onions and de garlic in dis room;" and he sighed as he looked back to the days of his health and independence, when he could sing, "I got two thousand pound in de bank, and I don't care noting for nobody."

He was in that fretful condition that makes a person prefer suffering in proud silence at the expense of being very uncomfortable, to allowing any one to sympathise with him or help him.

"I wish she leave my fry-pan and tings in de

closet. I wish she leave me alone; she ver good; but now I do not want it to be follow like dis. Oh, dear! I am ill, I want my dinner," he said, with a sigh, and indeed he did, and it was with disgust and despair that he found, on going to the cupboard, that Kezia had not left even the bread and butter there, and that it had been nicely cleaned out and papered, and was ready to receive such articles as she deemed fitting for the apartment.

"I will go call Madame Higgin to bring back my fry-pan," he cried, with a sudden burst of indignation, for to take away all his helps, and to desert him at the same time, was more than his temper, which had grown very irritable, could bear. But he had not advanced a step towards the door when Kezia appeared, a little tray in her hand, on which was a delicate fish cooked to perfection.

"Now, sir, you must eat it while it is hot; I bought it myself, it is my present, and if you don't say it's well done, why I shall say, between you and me, munshoo, that you know nothing of the *cunilary* art."

The abbé looked so penitent, the fish smelt so good, and he was so faint for want of it, that he began at once; but he expressed his feelings by laying his hand on his heart occasionally, until he had eaten enough to restore him to an equable frame.

"Mees," he said, laying down his fork, "what a sauce is dis!"

"Yes," said Kezia, who was busy knitting at the window, for the light was but little that entered that room, and the fog made the little much less; "I wouldn't give a pin for fish without sauce, and that's a good sort, I made it myself."

"You make it!" exclaimed the abbé.

"Yes, I've got the recipe," said Kezia, beginning to recapitulate the articles as she went on knitting.

But the abbé did not listen, he leaned his head on his hand and looked down.

"Munshoo!" exclaimed Kezia, turning round and observing him, "you don't feel well."

"Yes, mees, I am well; but I am so very ashame," said the abbé.

"Ashamed? oh, because you have finished it. Never mind, it wasn't much, and fish goes for nothing," said Kezia.

"I am ver bad man," said the abbé.

Kezia looked at him in silence.

"Yes, I am; I have been so angry, and so cross, and so ver *weeked*," he added.

"Heigho!" said Kezia, laying down her knitting and removing the tray, "I believe more and more that that's true of most of us."

"Not you, not you," said the abbé, vehemently; "see how you are good and kind, and while I am so impatient, and speaken bad ting, you make me beautiful dinner."

"Ah, don't take on," said Kezia, soothingly; "between you and me, it's just the way with myself; I get grumbling and fretting, and right in the middle of it I find out what a shame it is of me to do it, when I know the worst that comes to me is better than I deserve, and so I ought to be thankful for everything."

"Tank for everyting?" said the abbé; "Monsieur Antoine say dat; he tell me of Job; I know I have Job misfortune, I hope I have his good fortune by-and-by."

"I think Job's best good fortune was his being taught not to think too much about his riches,

munshoo, so when he got them back there was no danger of his doing it again; I dare say he was over-pleased with them before his troubles, but when he found how they could make to themselves wings and fly away, he got wiser; depend upon it, munshoo, there's great good in trouble."

"You tink so?" asked the abbé, thoughtfully.

"I'm *sure* of it," said Kezia.

"But *you*, you have no trouble? You are not poor, you are strong, you are good temper, you are kind. I cannot see it, your trouble."

"Can't you?" said Kezia, laughing; "well, that's no wonder, I don't often see it myself, but I have had trouble, I've had a rough life one way or another; by rights, I believe I ought to have some of the King property, but what of that?"

"And you are quite satisfy?" inquired the abbé.

"Quite," said Kezia; "the less I have the less there is to answer for."

"Answer for? hah!" exclaimed the abbé.

"Yes, between you and me, I am almost frightened when I think of my Cousin Mary, how she will be able to answer for thousands upon thousands, and gives next to nothing away."

"But—" said the abbé, many new thoughts crowding into his mind.

Kezia could see to knit no longer, so she drew down the blind, and seating herself opposite to him offered to read a place or two out of Mr. King's book, with his notes and comments. The abbé willingly consented, and although the arrangement of the portions was not quite so perspicuous as a divine would have made it in planning a sermon, somehow the irregularity and consequent confusion did not interfere with her design of sending a very important conviction straight home to the abbé's heart, and of strengthening the same in her own.

They went on till the flame of the fire fading ceased to afford her any more light, but their conversation continued some time afterwards.

"Well," said the abbé at the conclusion, "I tank you, I am ver much refresh."

"I declare," said Kezia, cheerily, "you look quite another man, and I hope now you'll keep up to it, and you'll soon be able to go out to teach again, and your purse will be as full as ever it was."

"No, no," said the abbé, shaking his head, "not full as ever. No, no, it shall no more be full as ever!"

"Well now, if I were you, I tell you what I would do," said Kezia.

"What you do?" asked the abbé.

"Why, I'd forget that ever I had that money."

"Forget it—my two thousand pound!" cried the abbé, in much astonishment.

"Yes, I would, or else fancy it in the bank still. If you would do that now, what would be the difference between it being there and not being there, between you and me?"

"What de diff'rence? de diff'rence—ha, hah!" cried the abbé, with a sarcastic laugh; "de diff'rence is, I am got it and I am not got it—it is ver mush diff'rence, I tell you, *between you me.*"

"And you can't forget it?" suggested Kezia, who during this argument had been lighting the lamp.

"No, I cannot forget—not yet; but in a time I will try to say it is ver well and I am satisfy—yes, I will try."

"Now that will be better than all," said Kezia. "It reminds me of what I read this very morning. 'Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he

will lift you up,' and so you see it's the greatest wisdom to be patient and content."

"Den I shall have back my money, like Job, you tink?" asked the abbé, his face, which was always the clearest possible index of his mind, assuming a rather commercial expression.

"No, no, munshoo, I wouldn't say that; it will be something as good, and may be better, but that we must leave to Him."

"Hélas!" ejaculated the abbé. "Well, I will try to be good man—I will not say more; I am angry for my two thousand pound. I will begin to tink of my lesson and my pupil, and be please and happy, if I am better and strong—is it not a good man, dat?"

"Yes, and you will find the good of it, I am sure," said Kezia, diligently knitting.

The abbé looked at her for a minute in silence, and then asked, "Where is my wools?"

"Your wool, munshoo? here," she answered, with a nod and a laugh.

"What you do wid my wools?" he asked, curiously.

"Well, if you must know, I am knitting you a pair of socks, for before you go out on your tramps you must be warm about the feet, and I dare say your socks are not *quite* new, we'll say."

"My stramp—what my stramp?" inquired the abbé, who was always alive to a new word.

"Why, walking about," said Kezia, laughing.

"Oho, dat is ver good; dat is 'noder pinch you have make for me! When will you have finish dem?"

"Oh, I'm a quick knitter. You shall have a pair directly, and I won't keep you waiting long for the rest."

"What make you be so ver good and kind?" asked the abbé after a pause, much touched, as his voice showed.

"Oh dear!" said Kezia, "when one thinks of the mercy and goodness that comes to us through *that*"—pointing to the Bible—"it is a poor case indeed if we can't do a kind turn for one another; I'm sure if I couldn't I should be afraid I didn't believe it."

"Ah! you believe it! and Monsieur Antoine," said the abbé.

"And you too?" said Kezia.

The abbé was silent. Presently, however, he said, "When shall I teach you French?"

"Whenever you please," said Kezia, gaily.

"Ver good; den now I give you de première lesson, to make you say monsieur."

"I can say that already."

"No, no, it is munshoo you say; now, speaken it as dis, monsieur."

Kezia made many essays; she went on from "munshoo" to "mongshore," and from "mongshore" to "mongsue," till she declared she could not knit if she practised any longer then, and the socks would not be done; so the abbé was contented to let her off, provided she would remember to call him saar as she had promised to do till she had acquired a good accent, to which she readily assented.

THE LIFE COST OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

WRITERS on popular subjects sometimes indulge in the expression of a comfortable feeling on the score of the many luxuries, transformed by long experience into necessities, which nearly all classes of society have now the means of enjoying. Owing

to our rapid means of communication we not only reap the fruits of native industry to any extent we choose, but we have placed all the ends of the earth under contribution, and apply to our own use the productions of all civilised peoples, and of the veriest savages as well. These may be subjects of congratulation, but they have another aspect, in contemplating which there is no room for congratulation at all, but very much for misgivings and regret. This dark side, to which we would for a moment direct the attention of our readers, is the life cost which as a nation we have to pay for the many comforts and conveniences upon which we pride ourselves.

In an article which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" towards the close of last year, we drew attention to the number of fatal accidents that happen in connection with coal mines, and we pointed to the fact that the expense of our fuel, in addition to the money cost, is, and has been for a long time, very nearly a thousand human lives per annum. We need, therefore, do no more than revert to that part of the subject at present.

The loss of life by shipwrecks on our coasts, a large proportion of which is due to the transport of coal in unseaworthy vessels, is shown by the returns to be rather more than 500 men and boys—a loss which, great and lamentable as it is, would be much enhanced but for the admirable lifeboat service which is now organised at so many stations round the coast, and which annually rescues hundreds of seafaring persons from destruction. The loss by the shipwreck of vessels trading to distant parts of the world is supposed to be on the whole three times as great as that occurring on our own shores.* We shall, therefore, be quite within the mark if we set down the total loss of British life at sea at two thousand annually, including in this total seafaring men only, and not the number of passengers, emigrants, and others, who occasionally perish in some exceptional calamity, such as befell the Atlantic and the Ville du Havre.

The loss of life connected with railways and railway-travelling is next in amount to the total loss occasioned by shipwreck. There are, it is pretty well known, about two hundred thousand men employed constantly on the railways of the United Kingdom. The number of railway servants who were killed while in discharge of their duty in the year 1872 was one thousand and eighty, being one in a hundred and eighty-five of the whole number employed. But the risk of personal injury run by the railway servant is largely greater than that incurred by the sea-faring man, seeing that accidents of a non-fatal character are to the latter comparatively few, while the former is constantly exposed to them. The number of railway servants injured in some way or other during the year 1872 was not less, according to the testimony of Mr. Edwin Phillips, than 27,340, or at the rate of one in seven of the entire number employed. The recorded injuries, it should be borne in mind, are in no case of a trifling nature (such not being set down)—the mildest being such as incapacitated the sufferers from service for several days, while many of them were "permanent disablements," in consequence of which the sufferers were crippled for life. The chief causes that serve to swell this startling list of killed and wounded are

stated by the same authority to be four: 1, Insufficient accommodation; 2, Want of proper appliances; 3, Overwork, underpay, and insufficient training; and 4, Faulty and impracticable regulations. That the same causes operate in producing the numerous, now almost daily, accidents by which the public who travel, and of whose casualties the newspapers inform us, are made the victims, no thinking person can doubt. As the traffic on railways increases, the peril both to railway servants and travellers increases in far more than a proportionate ratio, and will continue to do so until a more effective system of management is adopted.

Years ago the number of accidents in the factories of the United Kingdom, a large proportion of which were fatal, excited public indignation, and led to the passing of Acts of Parliament enforcing measures protective of the lives of the workers. As a result machinery that was considered dangerous was boxed and fenced off, and various preventive means were had recourse to to save those employed from injury—which precautions were to a certain degree effective and so far satisfactory. But with all that has been done, and in the face of every precaution which it is found possible to adopt, the annual loss of life by accidents among the factory workers amounts to between three and four hundred cases, while the number of persons injured, and more or less maimed in some way or other, is considerably over seven thousand. Unfortunately, it seems but little likely that the annual average of casualties in connection with factory labour will greatly diminish in future, as it is difficult to see what further additional precautions can be taken against accident.

A most lamentable loss of life, which an Englishman can hardly contemplate without a feeling allied to self-reproach, is constantly being incurred in many departments of industry where it might be in good part avoided but for the unaccountable recklessness and perversity of the victims themselves. Thus, for instance, the dry grinders, as they are called—the men who grind, on dry stones, swords and various kinds of cutlery and working implements, cannot pursue such labour long without danger to life, for the inhalation of the steel dust thrown off by the grindstone destroys their lungs, and consigns them to the grave in a few short years. Working at such a risk, or rather under the certainty of such a speedy doom, the men are paid abnormally high wages; and though they might avoid the fatal doom, and almost do away with the risk of it, by wearing magnetised masks, which would intercept the flying steel particles and prevent their entering the lungs, they will obstinately reject the means of safety, lest their adoption of them should lead to a reduction of wages. "A short life and a merry one" is their maxim, and they act up to it by reckless indulgence in the lowest forms of dissipation. This we take to be the most deplorable spectacle to be met with on the whole battle-field of British industry. But there are other industries than the grinders' which are fatal to those who practise them, and for which no preventive measures are available. Such is the glazing process in the Potteries, where men, and women too, are slowly put to death by the absorption of the lead poison in the glaze. Such are the processes by which mirrors and other things are silvered—the men continually employed at this work becoming, in course of time, saturated, as it were, with the mercury they must constantly handle,

* In the six months ending June, 1873, no fewer than 123 British vessels foundered at sea.

finally lose the use of their limbs. Such are many of the processes carried on at chemical works, where most of those who labour are compelled to breathe a poisoned atmosphere, under the effects of which they succumb sooner or later. The mortality from this source is, however, in the ratio of production, not so high as it used to be; and it may be that when chemical science is more advanced, it shall decrease still further, if it do not cease altogether.

The loss of life from what are generally regarded as unavoidable accidents is very great, much greater than is commonly supposed. In the building and engineering trades alone the annual deaths and maimings are numerous indeed. There is hardly ever a building of any importance erected, or an engineering feat executed, without adding to the list of fatal casualties. Men fall from scaffoldings, from roofs, from ladders; they are crushed by falling materials; they are buried alive in collapsing tunnels and excavations; they are drowned in sewers and water culverts; they are asphyxiated in old wells, and in a hundred different ways are exposed to the risk of sudden death or permanent disablement while in the exercise of their daily calling. Numbers of valuable hands perish every year from the explosion of steam-boilers, and still greater numbers are crippled or otherwise seriously injured from the same cause. Not a few are blown up with gunpowder, while others fall victims to the firing, spontaneous or otherwise, of the explosive mineral fluids which of late years have come into such general use. Again, numbers whose vocation has to be pursued on rivers and canals are drowned.

Lastly, a great source of mortality among the workers, is one of which the average public knows nothing, and therefore takes no account, though it has been supposed to be as fatal in the long run as all the other causes taken together. This cause of evil is a negative one, and is for that reason all the less likely to be speedily got rid of. We allude to the reckless neglect of the workman's health on the part of employers, as manifested in the condition of the wretched places in which men are crowded together at work. Plenty of light and plenty of fresh air are two indispensable elements in the workshop, but it is only in exceptional instances that these indispensable requisites are provided. We are all acquainted with the term "sweater," which originated among workmen themselves as descriptive of their condition in working hours. The custom in large cities is to cram as many workers into a place as it can be made to contain. For the sake of saving expense the accommodation is of a kind utterly unworthy of the name. Ventilation is hardly thought of, or is so negligently managed that the workers cannot bear the cutting draughts, and prefer the stifling heat to the certainty of taking cold; and often the gloom is so dense as to ruin the eye-sight, which only becomes inured to it by degrees. On this subject of the perils and discomforts of the workshop we may quote the testimony of a writer who speaks of his personal experience: "The compact between master and man," says he, "by which the former purchases the labour of the latter, appears to be the only thing kept in view by either of the parties. But the employer is morally bound to regard the health of the workman, for the very reason that the workman cannot take care of himself. This obligation is in London shamefully repudiated. Men are crowded together in dark, damp, unwhole-

some dens, where not a tittle of the air necessary for healthy existence can penetrate, and where, in an atmosphere above tropical heat, and saturated with reeking villainous odours, they are frequently compelled to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, it may be for months together; or they are buried in cellars or sheds pervious to every blast of the wintry winds, and are debarred from the sight of a fire the live-long day. Any place, in short, the vilest loft or the most fetid hovel, is accounted good enough for the operations of the workman In a word, the employer contracts for the labour of the workman, and takes his life into the bargain." This testimony was given some years ago, and it is but fair to say that some small reform in this direction has since taken place; but the mass of the evil still remains to be dealt with, and we fear is not likely to be done away with until workshops, like schools and poor-houses, are brought under systematic inspection by official surveyors authorised to compel the needful reforms.

The above are some of the principal items of the life cost of our boasted industrial achievements. How far they are preventible, and how far they are inevitable, we are not prepared to say. That the perpetuation of some of the saddest of them is due to our over-tender regard for vested interests, no man who looks at the relations which always prevail between those who have and those who lack will for a moment question. When the law of love shall get the better of the greed for gain (if ever that time comes) we shall fight the fight of labour with less of suffering to the rank and file, and with fewer losses of valuable lives.

BOATING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN a former paper, 1873, I gave some recollections of boating expeditions, first, when "padding my own canoe," the Oyster, and afterwards, no longer in "single blessedness," in the Binomial. A few brief notes of later cruises at home and abroad may be acceptable to canoeists, and also to "the general reader."

THE UPPER THAMES—GODSTOW—OXFORD TO LONDON.

The Binomial is to leave Oxford's academic shades for the Upper Thames. At Folly Bridge Lock (such is its euphonious cognomen) a man has to lift dozens of paddles and rimers by hand before a passage is possible. It is better to leave the boat in charge for twenty minutes, and be ready to embark on the other side. Before reaching Osney Lock we pass the back of the lowest suburbs of the city, abhorred of Rimmel.

The river soon becomes broad and shallow, so that only by careful steering in summer can the captain find water enough to float. From hence to Lechlade, a matter of thirty-six miles, locks and weirs abound. Passing a weir is a matter of skill. From the barrage across the stream, some boards are lifted in one part, and the water rushes through like a Canadian rapid in miniature. Up this incline it is the duty of the captain to labour, and very carefully. Coming down again is different; steer then almost where you please, the boat is sucked into the current which tears through the opening, and spins along

grandly—only it is better not to run against posts at that rate.

Godstow, distant three miles, is a spot where the Muses might linger, and aspirants for the Royal Academy study the picturesque. Pressing on to Lechlade and Cricklade a canal would open the way to the Severn, and almost everywhere else; but this for the future, d.v. For the present we regain Oxford, and all duties being completed, the prow of the Binomial is turned down stream towards London.

But the Binomial is hoisting the blue-peter. The ship's company this time is composed of the captain, the first-mate, a little daughter, and, a novel accompaniment, an animated musical box.

First comes the bathing-place, and then Iffley Church. Where is there a Norman tower with lovelier surroundings? Near Sandford Lock a halt was made in a meadow for luncheon, but without noticing that a wasps' nest was close at hand somewhere. The tinned meats, warmed by a Russian lamp, would



CANAL LOCK.

It is a fact which ought to be known, that in the year of the present epoch, 1872, the railway companies recovered their senses in part; and instead of charging, as hitherto, fabulous sums for the carriage of boats, agreed to convey them at the ordinary rates of freightage, which for light boats are not excessive; provided only they be packed in boxes, or, better still, in a crate or frame, which is much lighter. Salter, however, though a monopolist, is not unreasonable, and will supply pair-oar tub, four-oar, eight-oar, outrigger, punt, or, even for the forlorn and wretched, a solitary canoe. The same firm will also convey them back again by land.

have been a grand success, but for constant battles with these winged harpies; the boat also got adrift, and the key of the musical-box appeared to be lost, for there was no stopping it. Jumping into a long waterlogged punt, the captain pursued and captured the Binomial, and then laboured back with both craft to the luncheon-meadow against the stream.

At length a fresh start was made, and things got into their places; the first day at sea is not always the perfection of order. Six miles from Oxford brought the crew to Nuneham Park, with its woodland scenery and noble slopes overhanging the river. There, by the kindness of the proprietor, Sunday-

school
Oxford
they
the r
compa

Ab
by be
hold c
campi
the cr
not o
sturd
box i
honou
afford

The
and s
where
openi
wit;
said.

"Y
"I
lookin
"A
ing yo

At
but w
on its
into t
on a c
get o
tradit
hand
Dorch
interes
yelept
Day's
foliag
mile"
for sl
wande
is thr
music
port i
the b
up to
What
little i
books
nor o
drawn
there
put hi
floor o
room
since
and l
congrat
way a
Tham
the we
but pa

NOR
Fro
the fa
shillin
boats
object

schools and Bible classes come out in barges from Oxford, especially on a certain week in August, when they at once escape the riot of the races and enjoy the richest scenery of the neighbourhood in good company.

Abingdon Lock and bridge are generally threaded by boats, as quickly as may be; the town seems to hold out a standing invitation to the cholera. Encamping soon after in a meadow for a cup of tea, the crew could muster no lucifers; a brave boatman not only rowed away and procured a supply, but sturdily refused any remuneration. The musical box inclined the heart of every spectator to vie for the honour of rendering aid. A neighbouring hotel afforded dinner and beds.

The luncheon-room next day, after passing Culham and Sutton, was under Appleford railway bridge, where some navvies willingly supplied tools for opening tins of soup. They are not without mother wit; to one, who was dining *al fresco* by a hedge, we said, "You have a large dining-room."

"Yes," he replied, "with a blue ceiling."

"I should like to borrow your appetite," said I, looking at his huge hunch of bread.

"And I," rejoined he, "should not mind borrowing your dinner."

At Clifton Hampden the scenery takes a fresh start, but we cannot describe even its quaint little church on its abrupt knoll, with park-like trees projecting into the river; nor "Wittenham Clump," the groves on a conical hill, which seem as if they never would get out of sight. The old Roman and Druidical traditions of this clump and of Dorchester, near at hand (not to be confounded with the greater Dorchester in Dorset), have been worked up into an interesting historical tale of the days of Constantine, yclept "Evanus," which should be read by the tourist. Day's Lock is soon passed, with its groupings of foliage, and as Dorchester swing-bridge is but "a mile" from Shillingford, the captain, after long delays for sketching, attempts the last stage of the day's wanderings; but, alas! for guide-books, the distance is three miles. Darkness has descended, and the musical box has played all its loudest tunes ere the port is reached. Worse still, as we emerged from the bridge the crew of a large "four-oar" walked up to the hotel and took the only remaining beds. What was to be done? The landlord of this same pretty little ivy-covered hotel on the bank is, according to the books, a churlish individual. Never was a falser charge, nor one that ought to be more handsomely withdrawn. Already more than full, when he heard there was a Benedict in the case, the worthy man put his own daughters on beds extemporised on the floor of the sitting-room, and discovered for us a bedroom comfortable enough, though entered, to our sincere regret, through the drawing-room of an artist and his bride. Then came the late dinner, with congratulations at not being compelled to pick the way among the rushing weirs and locks of the Thames in the dark. I must say no more about the well-known scenes between this and Richmond, but pass on to a trip in

NORTHERN FRANCE—CAPE GRIS NEZ—THE LIANE.

From London Bridge to Boulogne by steamboat, the fare is, or was, eleven shillings, first class; five shillings and sixpence convey us back again. The boats are never crowded; merchandise is the chief object, and most travellers prefer being stifled in the

train to Folkestone, and shortening the refreshing sea passage, from insane fears about a passing tribute to Neptune, should the ship roll a little. As for this tribute, it is a most wholesome custom or prejudice, even if it be not all imagination. The deputy steward on board was endued with a logical mind, and instead of condemning us to separation, he yielded to the force of the Benedictine theory, and without extra charge benevolently gave us a family cabin, which had not been used apparently since the last leap year at the very least. Fine fellow! may his shadow never be less, nor his well-deserved fees.

It rained heavily as the vessel steamed by warehouses and wharves illuminated for work the live-long night; but after a few hours' rest a bright summer's morning found us opposite the Isle of Sheppey. In due time Margate, the North Foreland, Walmer, and the South Foreland are left behind, and an hour after breasting the welcome Cape Gris Nez, we are in Boulogne harbour. We are not much concerned with dry land, but a boating matter is not to be omitted. In the dim ages of the past (so runs the tradition) a little vessel came careering into the harbour without oars or sails, its occupant a black image, which awed the angry waves and so forth with its majesty, albeit it was hideous enough. Unlike the image of Diana of the Ephesians, it did not fall down from heaven, but its arrival was marvellous; and to this day it is worshipped with almost Divine honours—or rather, what remains of it; for, like the images in Isaiah's days, it could not defend itself, but in troublous times was burnt wholly or in part, and consigned to ignoble localities; but the hand is preserved, and, strange to say, identified after all, and, enshrined in gold in the heart of a new black image, not more beautiful than its unfortunate predecessor, receives the homage of continuous crowds, even in the nineteenth century. Through its protection, say they, the town has been saved from invasion; but history is singularly unkind to this infallible tradition, especially about the time of Henry VIII, of all men.

Before embarking on the Binomial, another terrestrial attraction was an expedition to Cape Gris Nez, the lighthouse headland between Boulogne and Calais. The train goes as far as Marquise, with its huge ironworks half supported by English strikes, and thence a drive of four or five leagues by the telegraph posts leads to the Cape with its breezy heights. Little French farms are thick enough, consisting of perhaps three acres or less; larger ones are enclosed on all sides in square courts, with no windows to the road, as if the country was not always secure. In one farmhouse, or cottage, as we should say, while the good woman filled a huge bowl with milk for the wayfaring, we answered the sage inquiries of the husband. The English are Protestants? Yes. What kind of pagans are they? Have they baptism? Certainly. Do they worship the Virgin? They esteem good people; they worship God. How much do the very poor pay at a funeral for masses? etc. The poor among the French pay thirty francs at least. These are opportunities for a Christian word, and it is a thing never to be forgotten to have separate copies of the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles for gift, or even for sale. They are very inexpensive.

From Gris Nez the return to Boulogne is made in twelve or thirteen miles by a road which follows the

cliffs by Ambleteuse and other localities well known to Julius Cæsar.

But the river waits. Another day we make for a celebrated corner near the site of the Old Market; its name is still inscribed on the wall, "Coin du Menteur" (Liars' Corner). The modern stall-keepers smile and say there was probably a reason for the name *in those days*. The River Liane is like the soul of wit; it is brevity itself. At the harbour it is rather imposing, but before the bridges are passed it is nearly all shallows, requiring careful pilotage; and then in three miles it shrinks down to a mere ditch. But there are charming sketches of the cathedral and ramparts from the water; and a climb to the churches of St. Leonard and St. Etienne gives immense panoramas. Before reaching Pont de Briques at the league's end, we were fairly stranded even in the deepest part, and getting somehow to shore, walked the last furlong on the railway. Porters were autocratic and minatory—English porters would have blushed at their abuse of power; however, the good old plan of going straight to the *chef de gare* (station-master) put all things right again. The crew on this occasion consisted of the captain and mate, and, unhappily, of a passenger, who, though most amiable, was suffering from Ritualism on the brain; nothing could palliate the symptoms or divert the thoughts of the patient; his state at one time became almost alarming, and we were far from medical assistance.

ABBEVILLE—THE SOMME—ST. VALERY—BATTLE-FIELD OF CRECY.

A few days after this cruise, a short run by rail-way brought the ship's company to Etaples, with a promising tidal river; but leaving it behind, two hours found us at Abbeville, with its grand old church of St. Vulfrans fast falling to pieces, and a crowded market-place, provided with everything but an hotel—for this, one must resort to the side streets. And here let an old traveller give a few hints. Go to an hotel, order a breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and a separate tea, and then be astonished at the bill. The better plan is to make an agreement *per diem*; it used to be in country parts six and a half francs—now a little more. But even this is not the best method. One is away from some of the meals, and two bedrooms are paid for by this arrangement. Ask the price beforehand of a room, a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and *table d'hôte* dinner; everything else is obtained when required at the *café* belonging to the hotel at the prices paid by other customers. One is not more respected for ignorance and profuseness; neither do bill quarrels add to enjoyment.

The River Somme resembles somewhat the current of the Rhone at Geneva on a smaller scale, but it is navigable with ordinary care. A bathing-place enclosed from it, with every appliance, affords a good swim for twopence.

The river is bounded by double rows of trees, picturesque, but somewhat formal. Unlike the brief Liane, its waters extend, say the natives, a hundred leagues. More soberly, to express the fact for all whom it may concern on their travels, it joins the Oise and the Seine, and so reaches Paris. Our own route, however, was seawards to St. Valery, whither a rapid stream and a canal soon carry the boat. Near the sea an immense railway viaduct spans the river—or rather its enclosing leagues of tidal mud. Somewhere here Edward III, instructed by a French traitor, crossed a ford quickly, and put the rising tide

between his own army and that of King Philip, while he made the best of his way in the direction of Crecy. Of that anon.

St. Valery is a bracing spot, much frequented by the English; long lines of villas by the side of the widening river connect the narrow old town and the Hauteville, where the ancient church on the ramparts, surrounded by a deep fosse, looks as if it had seen William the Conqueror embark hence for England, though in strict fact the church is later than that event. The hotels here are more reasonable than at Abbeville—five or six francs a day will pay for each person, cider or beer included.

But Crecy is the attractive spot for an Englishman, unhappily not situated on a river, but some five leagues from Abbeville, and reached by a carriage, for which in these parts ten francs (eight shillings) is a sufficient payment, with another franc (*"pour boire,"* or, as we always put it, *"pour ne pas boire"*) for the driver.

We mount the hills, and then traverse almost interminable roads straight as an arrow, lined with formal rows of poplars and cherry-trees on the other side of them. Magpies abound in every field. By a gipsy cart the man is mat-making; the woman, though equally squalid, is writing from a travelling-case—an authoress perhaps.

At length Crecy. Here above the village, on a slight elevation, is the identical stone windmill from which Edward III commanded. It overlooks a wide-spreading amphitheatre. Here, having retreated far enough, he entrenched himself on each flank, with a thick wood protecting his rear. The only way to get at the Englishmen was in front, not always a very desirable method. They were but 40,000, the French 120,000; but Edward's courage and resources gave him great advantages. When next day the French came up from Abbeville, after three o'clock P.M., they were well-nigh exhausted, and their leaders would fain have deferred the battle; but some of them getting rather near the Black Prince, he suddenly poured a flight of arrows upon their ranks from the English crossbows, while those of the French were rendered almost useless by a heavy rain, and when they were all in confusion he dropped on them like an avalanche; they were utterly routed the same evening. The French king, Philip, in his anxiety to prevent the escape of his foes, left behind his newly-invented cannon. Edward, on the contrary, used his little thunderers to good purpose. Nearly 40,000 Frenchmen bit the dust on that fatal day, August 26, 1346, and the next. Surely the English, brave as they were, would have been better employed at home.

The King of Bohemia, with his son, entitled King of the Romans, did his best to assist King Philip. The poor old man being blind, caused a rein of his horse to be attached to a knight on each side, and plunged into the fight, seeking glory or the grave. He found both; and the picturesque remains of a cross 500 years old, on the wayside, mark the fatal spot.

King Edward from his vantage-ground at the mill saw that the Black Prince was sorely pressed, but refused to send succour, saying that his son must win his spurs that day.

A week might well be spent in the quaint old village of Crecy and the neighbourhood.

CALAIS RIVERS—HOME IN A STORM.

A day was left unoccupied at Calais in order to

navigate the little river, which, by the aid of a canal, pierces as far as St. Omer. Indeed, we should call the first twenty miles a canal; then commences the river, which rejoices in the name of the "Aa." Of St. Omer we have nothing to say, either as to its fortifications or its manufactures, but the good sense of the people is shown by using boats instead of wheelbarrows. The "Aa" is cut about into intersecting canals, which isolate and refresh each man's garden and patrimony. He puts his tools into a boat in the morning and proceeds to his work. But altogether it is a swampy region, only furnishing those enjoyments which a true boating spirit can find on the tamest river under the sun—exercise, health, and appetite.

A different kind of cruise was to begin that night, for at Calais a stiff westerly breeze was blowing, and the London boat could not get out of harbour. The crew were against the attempt; but the captain, after waiting for an hour for a better tide, ventured out, and though the steamer was almost on her beam ends the whole way, she made the passage both quickly and well.

EAST ANGLIA—LOWESTOFT TO YARMOUTH BY RIVER—RUINS OF ST. OLAVE'S AND BURGH CASTLE.

East Anglia, though not comparable in all respects to Switzerland, yet affords river excursions which awaken all the enthusiasm of the natives. Among these is the cruise round a kind of inland semicircle of rivers from Lowestoft to Yarmouth. How many thousands of visitors never so much as hear of it!

A mile from Lowestoft harbour comes the lock, on one side salt water, on the other fresh, where begins Lake Lothing or Oulton Broad; this again contracts in less than a mile into the Waveney. A branch to the left leads to Beccles (a pleasant sail) and Bungay. A cutting farther on leads also on the left to Norwich and the Upper Yare and Wensum; but keeping to the right, the Binomial, after sighting Burgh St. Peter's Church (not to be confounded with Burgh Castle), attained Somerleyton, once the princely residence of Sir Morton Peto, and soon after St. Olave's, with its quaint ruins of the Priory. But the main attraction is Burgh Castle, at the junction of the Waveney and the Yare; four and a half acres are contained within the ruins of this noble old fortification, whence the Romans commanded both streams, and all the surrounding country.

Some four miles farther is the populous old town of Yarmouth, something less than twenty miles from Lowestoft by the river. Its bloaters, its memories of Nelson, its narrow and busy thoroughfares, are for other pens; it is enough for us to indicate a charming cruise, only adding that it is highly desirable to arrange to go with the tide, and to be careful as to the method of landing when the boat is being swept along at a great pace.

THE YARE—NORWICH.

The good boat the Binomial next prepared to return with the tide, along the course of the Yare, for Norwich; a place was specially left for the captain, with the oars ready to hand, but, to the blank amazement of the crew, there was the Oyster with the captain on board, still leading the way with unruffled good-humour: the canoe must be a conjuror. The first-mate, preferring to have the captain on the larger boat, had paid twenty shillings to a sailor to have the canoe spirited away: but there it

was again. An old widow, whose husband and son had perished in the gales of the preceding winter, had assisted in the embarkation. The captain being of a compassionate mind, and having a pound sterling to spare, offered her that sum if she would take the Binomial and all its crew. As she was bad judge enough to hesitate, the money was given without conditions, and amid amazement on her part and peals of laughter from the outwitted captain, the new cruise commenced.

It is nearly forty miles ere Crown Point and the picturesque suburbs of Norwich come in view—too much for one day: and hotels are rare on the bank; but the railway runs alongside and conveys the crew at night to the eastern metropolis, or back to Yarmouth, whence it is easy to return and resume the voyage next morning, a far better plan for a family than roughing it in the country.

IPSWICH TO HARWICH—CONCLUDING DISASTERS—THE ORWELL.

The town of Wolsey possesses a river of singular beauty. The natives aver that the sail down to Harwich is quite equal to the Rhine; some will have it that the Rhine is inferior—especially those who have only seen the Orwell. Freston Tower, overlooking the broad stream, and Wolverstone Park, besides other fair demesnes, with very respectable hills, and grassy well-wooded slopes reaching to the water's edge at high tide, are unusually fine and luxuriant for a salt-water estuary. After a short twelve miles the rapid tide has brought us to Harwich, where the River Stour, from Clare, Dedham, and Manningtree, joins the Orwell, before they unitedly pour themselves into the German Ocean by Landguard Point. The Stour is reserved for the future, as also a run by the fine Harwich steamboats to Belgium and Holland.

This concluding little cruise was marked by a casualty which ought not to have occurred to the Binomial; the Oyster would have blushed at it. The boat was taking a short cut across a mud flat when the Ipswich steamer rushed by. In deep water the swell is easily encountered; but in shallows, the first effect of the steamer's approach is a backward rush of the water to fill up the void in the wake of the paddle-wheels: the consequence was that the Binomial was suddenly left high and dry on the mud; in that helpless condition she remained while the great swell from the steamer's prow came rolling up. Her prow faced the wave, but she had no water to float in. There was no danger, but a humiliating wetting was inevitable. The captain jumped on the mud and held the stern, lest the boat should be swept off—a very undesirable thing if she were waterlogged. On came the wave, and broke over those of the crew who were in the prow; the alarm was soon over, and a little baling put all things to rights. The moral was self-evident: always meet a steamer's swell in deep water.

A solitary rower whom we observed was much nearer to grief—apparently, at least. Not looking behind him, his own impetus and the rush of the tide carried him straight towards a huge buoy, used for marking the channel. As the dark body whizzed by him, he gave a start, and only just succeeded in clearing it. So much for being alone. The committee held that he richly deserved his fright.

Thus ended, safely and thankfully, the Binomial cruises. They afford pleasant recollections for the

winter evenings, and delightful anticipations for another summer, &c. v. Better still, the captain is assured by those whose opinion he values most in the world, that he is a general benefactor.

The voyages had one element which adds sweet-
ness to all the rest: as occasion offered, there was the quiet effort to do good to many of the various persons who were encountered.

F. A. J.

AN OLD "ACADEMIC ANNUAL."

AN old annual is commonly regarded as of less value even than an old almanack. An almanack, however ancient, is sure to contain not a few curious or valuable facts; but an annual of the class that was so fashionable some forty years ago is mostly full of bits of prose and poetry that were manufactured to order, and published only to be forgotten. We cannot at this moment remember any valuable contribution to English literature, however small, that is to be credited to any of the tribe of gaudy annuals that, during the last generation, flourished like tulips in a garden. Great names sometimes appeared in the lists of contributors to these periodicals, and great prices were often paid for contributions. But these contributions were, as a rule, quite unworthy of the signatures they bore.

We have before us, however, an annual of a very peculiar character, and which in most respects differs very decidedly from those ephemeral publications of which we have been speaking. It is called "The Edinburgh Academic Annual," and we introduce it to the notice of our readers not so much on account of its literary and scientific contents as on account of its contributors, most of them young men who lived to make no small figure in the world. In the fashionable annuals we find, among hosts of obscure names, the names of some eminent persons who had passed the meridian of their powers and were in the decline of life; but in this academic production we discover the first performances of several young aspirants who were destined to take a high place in British science or literature.

It bears the date of 1840, and among its eleven contributors we find the following:—Samuel Brown, W. J. Macquorn Rankine, W. H. Hewitson, Edward Forbes, George Wilson, and James Hamilton. All these men, young and comparatively unknown when they wrote their papers for the "Academic Annual," rose to distinction, and some of them have made their mark upon the age. When banded together for a literary purpose, which did not in any great measure fulfil their ambitious hopes, they hardly knew the extent of their powers, and could not anticipate the achievements of their mature years. Nor could they foresee how brief, if brilliant, would be the career of some of them, and how to none of their number would be allotted a lengthened term of life. They are all now numbered with the departed. Indeed, it is a striking and melancholy fact that of all the contributors there appears to be now only one survivor, the writer of this paper, who feels it a sort of religious duty, and not merely a literary task, to communicate to the readers of the "Leisure Hour" some passing yet reverent notices of a set of gifted men who did good work in the world before they passed away. Many remarkable "sets" have appeared in our days among the students or graduates of our

great Universities, but none with brighter promise than the men we now commemorate.

The "Edinburgh Academic Annual" proved the last, as it was the first, of its race. Before giving a brief sketch of each of the contributors, let me first speak of the learned and excellent principal, Dr. John Lee, who wrote, by way of introduction to the volume, an interesting historical account of the University of Edinburgh. This remarkable man, noted for the extent and variety of his learning, was equally famous for the number of offices he held in succession as a minister of the Church of Scotland. He began his career as a Presbyterian minister in London; then he was appointed to the living of Peebles, on the banks of the Tweed; next he became Professor of Divinity and Church History in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Translated from St. Andrew's to Edinburgh, he was successively minister of the Canongate Church, of Lady Yester's, and of the Old Church in St. Giles, which had once been served by John Knox. He was a Doctor of Divinity, a Doctor of Medicine, a Doctor of Laws, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He became one of her Majesty's Chaplains, a Dean of the Chapel Royal, and a Principal Clerk of the General Assembly. He finished his career as Principal of the University of Edinburgh. It was observed by his contemporaries that he had held almost every kind of office that could by any possibility be filled by a minister of the Scottish Church. And yet, by way of humorous allusion to his repeated applications for vacant offices, he was dubbed by a leading Edinburgh minister "the Solicitor-General." Dr. Lee, however, in spite of not a few foibles that lay on the surface of his character, was universally esteemed for his private worth and extraordinary attainments. But he bought far more books than he could read, and read far more than he could digest. He was always meditating great works of a historical nature, for which he amassed boundless materials, but which, from a native infirmity of purpose, aggravated by an overloaded memory, he never commenced; and even if they had been commenced they probably never would have been finished.

The first in the list of contributors which we have given is Dr. Samuel Brown. This brilliant chemist, who promised to be eminent in literature as well as in science, belonged to a Haddington family well known in the theological world. He greatly distinguished himself in the classes and societies of the University, and was a candidate for the Chemistry Chair when it became vacant by the death of Dr. Hope. Rashly committing himself to a theory of the transmutation of metals, he finally withdrew his application, being pronounced by many leading chemists of the day to be a man of more genius than judgment. But he undoubtedly possessed fine literary powers, as well as great scientific ardour. He contributed many fresh and original articles to the "North British Review" and other periodicals. His "Tragedy of Galileo," published in 1850, indicated both imaginative and philosophical genius; but he was more a philosopher than a poet. He died of consumption in 1856, at the age of thirty-nine.

The next name on our list is W. J. Macquorn Rankine, the late lamented Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Glasgow. His paper is on a subject which fully indicated the bent of his mind, namely, "The Laws of the Conduction of Heat

and their Application to the Solution of some Geothermal Problems." It consists of an able application of the higher mathematics to a profound problem in physics, and shows its author to be a man fitted for original investigation. The career of Mr. Rankine as a professor at Glasgow more than fulfilled the expectations of his early friends. His valuable contributions to engineering science gave him a world-wide celebrity, and his appearances at the meetings of the British Association were always hailed by numerous friends from all parts of the country. His services to that learned body will not speedily be forgotten, and his death in the prime of life has been regarded as a great loss to those high branches of science in which he excelled.

The name of William Hepburn Hewitson must be well known to many readers of this magazine. He was highly distinguished at the University of Edinburgh as a classical scholar, an acute metaphysician, and, above all, as a devoted and spiritually-minded student of divinity. He gained a prize open to the whole University for an essay on "National Character." When licensed to preach the Gospel he showed, both in and out of the pulpit, the spirit of Robert M'Cheyne, to whom he has often and justly been compared. He was sent by the Free Church of Scotland, to which he adhered at the Disruption in 1843, to minister among the Portuguese in Madeira who had been converted to a Scriptural faith by Dr. Kalley. His labours among these interesting converts, both in Madeira, and in Trinidad to which they were banished, were most arduous and successful. After a brief career of the most exalted Christian usefulness, he died as Free Church minister at Dirleton, East Lothian, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, leaving a precious name and memory to the Church of Christ. His contribution to the annual was upon the once well-worn academic theme, "The Pleasure derived from Scenes of Distress." It is written in a very precise and forcible style, though words of Latin origin obtain an undue preference. But it is full of acute analysis and ingenious illustration, whilst it is pervaded, as might have been expected, by a high moral tone. Though not unworthy of his finely cultivated powers, it is not one of those things which, in the latter part of his life, he regarded with much satisfaction.

Next comes a name peculiarly dear to science, Edward Forbes, recalling many proud and sad memories. This most genial and gifted student, who afterwards filled the Chair of Natural History in Edinburgh, the most important of the kind in Great Britain, was born at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, in the year 1815. After studying medicine for several years at Edinburgh, he began to manifest his extraordinary powers as a naturalist; and while he was yet a young man he stood in the front rank of geologists and zoologists. By his unwearied labours on land and sea, he actually gave a new aspect to many branches of natural history. His dredgings, first in the Frith of Forth and afterwards in the Aegean, yielded most important results bearing on the geographical distribution of our existing fauna and flora. As Curator of the Geographical Society, as Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and as one of the staff of the Geological Survey, he rendered great services to science. He was at once one of the hardest-working members and one of the choicest spirits of the British Association. His presence at its annual meetings was like

"sunshine in a shady place." In the Red Lion Club, of which he was the chief founder and moving spring, he regularly let off his exuberant spirits like so much superfluous steam, and was the soul of good-fellowship as well as scientific zeal. Appointed in 1854 to the Chair in Edinburgh long held by the veteran Jameson, he entered upon its duties with great enthusiasm, and with every prospect of the highest success. The whole scientific world expected the greatest things from an appointment that it had ardently looked forward to for many years. But in little more than half a year after it had been made, when his second course of lectures was only begun, the great naturalist suddenly died of fever. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that the place of Edward Forbes as a philosophical palaeontologist has never to this day been fully supplied. The subject of his contribution to the Academic Annual was highly characteristic and significant—"On the Associations of the Mollusca on the British Coasts, considered with reference to Pleistocene Geology."

Dr. George Wilson, an accomplished chemist, and one of the most genial of men, next claims our attention as a contributor. His paper is entitled, "Experimental Demonstration of the Existence of Flaloid Salts in Solution." Chemistry was Wilson's vocation, and his profound knowledge of that science procured him the appointment to the newly-instituted Chair of Technology in his own University. That Chair, intended to elucidate the application of chemistry to the industrial arts, was brilliantly filled by its first and last occupant. Why it was abolished after Dr. Wilson's death has never been satisfactorily explained. George Wilson, like his compeers, Samuel Brown and Edward Forbes, had a strong literary as well as scientific turn. His contributions to various high-class reviews, including the "North British," were distinguished by great sprightliness of fancy and general literary skill. In private life he was singularly beloved for his amiable manners and genuine Christian worth. Inheriting a feeble and diseased frame, which subjected him to almost constant suffering during the later years of his life, he bore up under the double burden of bodily pain and sustained intellectual toil with a noble fortitude inspired by deep religious principle. His death, in the prime of his powers and in the middle of his honourable career, was universally lamented, and of him, as of Edward Forbes, it may be said that he has hardly had a kindred successor in his own walk of science.

The last name in our list is James Hamilton, a name dear to all the churches. In early life Mr. Hamilton was a great student of botany and geology, and his paper accordingly was "On the Gardens of Ancient Palestine," a very characteristic production both in point of matter and style. It reads very like one of the felicitous productions of his later years, in which fact and fancy, scientific allusion and Scriptural truth, are curiously blended. Mr. Hamilton's scientific studies, especially those relating to botany, were never wholly suspended even in the midst of a busy and overburdened ministerial life. He always looked on Nature with the eye of a philosopher, a poet, and a Christian, and his skilful pen never failed to mingle finely together the kindred lessons of the works and of the Word of God. His death deprived the world too soon, as we say, of one of the finest minds that ever lavished its riches on mankind for their good. It may be long before the English Pres-

byterian Church possesses another man of such rare and sanctified genius as James Hamilton.

The other contributors to a book which surely deserves to be remembered may be more briefly mentioned. The writer of this record of departed worthies contributed a paper "On the Study of Church History," and ventured therein upon some prognostications which, he is glad to think, have since been strikingly verified. The late Mr. John Macgillivray, vice-president of the Cuvierian Society, wrote on "The Mental Qualities of Birds, as compared with their Cerebral Development;" and Dr. Joseph Giglioli, a learned young Italian, supposed also to be no more, wrote on "The Origin and Sources of the Italian Language." There was also a scholarly paper on "Greek and English Lexicography," by Mr. Thomas H. Foggo, a student of theology, and the son of an East Lothian parochial schoolmaster. Mr. Foggo died before he became a minister of the Gospel, lamented as an amiable youth, and one of the best Greek scholars at the University.

In concluding this account of a forgotten volume, I have only to add that the originator and editor of the "Edinburgh Academic Annual" is now the editor of the "Leisure Hour," who tells me that he treasures among his most valued books a presentation copy from the committee of the then Edinburgh University Club, the inscription being in the handwriting of the sainted Hewitson.

J. D.

THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE CHINESE GREAT REBELLION, AND THE
"EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY."

CHAPTER XXIX.—FUGITIVES AT THE BUBBLING WELL TEMPLE.

NO TWITHSTANDING the topographical knowledge obtained by the reconnoitring expeditions from Shanghai into the surrounding country, the commander-in-chief of the British forces deemed it necessary for future operations in the field to have a general military survey made. This important duty devolved upon the Royal Engineer corps, who performed their task sometimes under the fire of the enemy, and elicited the highest encomiums from the general. Amongst others, I was occupied in this work, and learning one day that a number of poor people had taken up their abode in a temple not far from the settlement, proceeded thither to see if any information could be gained from them. On arriving at the place known to foreigners as the Bubbling Well, so named from an ancient well out of which bubbles of gas issue, I was attracted to a small temple opposite, from whence came the dissonant sounds of Chinese musical instruments. On entering the sacrificial hall, I found a Buddhist priest in high canonicals sacrificing a paper horse to his deities, which was consumed by fire, evidently for the purpose of furnishing some defunct Chinaman with a steed to journey through Hades.

Everything about this small temple was unusually clean for China, and the bonzes were particularly comfortable-looking priests, apparently well fed, and gorgeously clad in embroidered silks and satins, while the decorations and images were of the richest description. I waited to witness a part of the ceremony, and was rather favourably impressed with the manner in which the chief priest read from a scroll

the service for the occasion, and the grace with which he made his genuflexions before an altar glittering with gold and silver, under the illumination of quite a galaxy of tapers. There was nothing gloomy about the place or the service, while the performers and the audience seemed amazingly delighted with the ceremony.

I then inquired of an attendant where the refugees were located, and was directed to the rear of the building, where two other temples were situated, one of considerable size, painted red, and called by foreign residents the "Red Joss-house." I entered the smallest temple first, and beheld a sight that struck me with horror. In the middle of the place sat a gigantic, grimy-looking image of Buddha, on an altar covered with the dust and dirt of years, while around lay the dead and dying, some like living skeletons, and evidently wasting away from sheer inanition.

Passing through this lazarus-house, I crossed a court-yard and entered the great red joss-house, which presented a sight that well-entitled it to be named "The Temple of Horrors." Here stood erect on each side of a high-vaulted, gloomy chamber, four hideous colossal figures of war deities, scowling from their pedestals with ferocious aspect. As usual, in the centre of this sacrificial hall was a gigantic image of Buddha, and another deity at his side standing up with clasped hands, and having a benign cast of countenance. But the appearance of the human beings lying about on the filthy earthen floor was vastly more repulsive than what had been witnessed in the smaller temple. Here lay some forty men, women, and children huddled together, and left to perish without food or raiment. One man lay dead at the foot of the altar, as if he had fallen on his face. Another body was that of a woman who had died more calmly, with evidently her daughter hanging over her in the last stage of illness. At the sound of my voice the poor girl raised her head and looked around with a vacant stare for a moment, and then turned to pillow her head upon the emaciated body of her mother, as if to say, "Here let me die." Two other dead bodies lay covered with some matting and rags in a corner.

Of those who were still alive, few were able to rise or to answer coherently the questions which were put to them. One old man who had managed to separate himself from the others, lay in a corner screened by some mats, and as I was about to leave to see if the well-fed priests had not some rice to spare these poor hungry creatures, he muttered some words in a husky voice, which caused me to stop. The emaciated refugee raised himself feebly on one hand, and with the other beckoned me to lean towards him, and whispered in my ear, "Dost thou not know me?" I shook my head in the negative, when the strange questioner said, in little stronger tones, "I am Meng-kee, whose surname is Loo, the father of A-Lee."

I started back with affright at the intelligence, and gazed earnestly at the miserable object. There was but little light in that den of horror, but it was sufficient to trace the lineaments of his once noble countenance. But, ah! how changed his person, and how different the circumstances when last I had seen him at Peking! Then he was a mandarin high in office, clothed in the rich silk and satin habiliments of his rank, and walking with stately tread through the apartments of his luxurious mansion, among wealthy relatives and friends. Now he was a starved

outcast disease

After

Meng-

the s

ceremo

ant, I

were r

had b

Witho

starvin

fish, a

showin

Mexic

opened

who ha

ness in

and in

ings at

On r

of rice

gave a

distrib

other c

starvin

the fo

life be

and sc

they w

seized

and le

They i

people

hood, a

them.

With

got my

having

fortabl

Kang

from g

obtaine

On :

reporter

officer,

human

babilit

inform

Accord

the qu

food an

Wh

the sh

Well T

prepap

alive, a

to bury

an act

and c

respon

money

rice co

who b

famish

the for

More

and t

matting

separat

weathe

outcast, in rags, lying upon a filthy mat, in a den of disease and death.

After saying a few kindly words of assurance to Meng-kee, I hurried out of the great joss-house into the small temple occupied by the bonzes. The ceremonies were over, and on inquiry of an attendant, I was shown into the refectory, where the priests were regaling themselves with the food-offerings that had been laid before the altar by their devotees. Without upbraiding them for not relieving the starving fugitives, I at once asked for some rice and fish, and told them they should be paid handsomely, showing at the same time a handful of bright Mexican dollars out of my pocket. The silver key opened the callous hearts of these heathen priests, who had not a drop of the real milk of human kindness in their natures. They grinned acquiescence, and improved the occasion by selling the meat-offerings at a higher price than they usually do.

On returning to the temple with a goodly quantity of rice and fish, carried by two attendants, I first gave a supply to my old friend Meng-kee, and then distributed small portions to the most needful of the other occupants of that dreadful lazarus-house. These starving creatures cried with frantic joy at sight of the food. Many who had scarcely shown signs of life before, now rose up, holding out their hands, and screaming, "Rice! more rice!" In every case they were fugitives from the Taipings, who had seized the young men and women of their families, and left the parents and children to starve and die. They mostly belonged to the better class of farming people, and were entire strangers in the neighbourhood, so they had no relatives or friends to assist them.

With some difficulty I obtained a sedan-chair, and got my feeble friend carried to Shanghai; and after having learned that her father had left A-lee comfortably at Nanking under the protection of the Kang Wang, I enjoined the mandarin to refrain from giving an account of his privations until he had obtained some repose.

On reaching the foreign settlement, I at once reported what I had seen and done to my superior officer, who approved of it, not only on the score of humanity, but because Meng-kee could in all probability furnish the survey department with valuable information regarding the interior of the country. Accordingly he was lodged in a quiet place adjoining the quarters of the Sappers and Miners, and proper food and clothing furnished to him.

When the foreign residents were made aware of the shocking scenes to be witnessed at the Bubbling Well Temple, they lost not an hour in having food prepared for the relief of the fugitives who were still alive, and the municipal authorities sent out coffins to bury the dead. One benevolent gentleman took an active part in raising subscriptions for feeding and clothing them, and his appeals were amply responded to by the generous community. The money was judiciously spent in having abundance of rice cooked at the kitchen of the priests next door, who became all of a sudden very careful of their famishing countrymen and women, when they found the foreigners so liberal with their money.

Moreover, the large temple was thoroughly cleansed, and the interior partitioned off with boards and matting, so that the remnants of families could live separate, and not be exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Application was also made to the chief

magistrate for permission to keep the place as a refuge only for distressed fugitives. This was granted, while two or three native police were sent to keep away professional beggars from receiving the foreigners' bounty. The whole was for a time under the hands of a trustworthy Chinaman, appointed by the benevolent resident already mentioned.

The members of a Chinese charitable society in the walled city, hearing of this voluntary act of foreigners to relieve the distressed people, became ashamed that their proper office should be thus forestalled. Accordingly, they sent a deputation to the British consul, offering to take the management of the affair, and raise subscriptions in future amongst the Chinese. This was acceded to, and the refuge became a permanent institution during the rebellion, forming one of the bright features in the dark progress of the Taiping movement.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE MANDARIN'S NARRATIVE.

MENG-KEE soon recovered from his starving condition, and voluntarily offered to give an account of what he had witnessed during his sojourn among the Taipings.

At first he told me what you already know about his journey from Peking, and to this part of his narrative I listened with, you will easily suppose, great attention, and felt not a little uneasy when the name of Cut-sing was mentioned.

Then the ex-mandarin proceeded with his narrative after leaving Nanking. "I rode out at the south gate," he said, "with my mounted escort, feeling well satisfied that I was going upon a mission of peace to negotiate terms of amity between your honourable commanders and my new masters. I became more impressed with the ultimate success of our cause from what I had seen in the Tien Wang's capital, than what had previously come under my notice. So I journeyed on for several days with a hopeful feeling that in the end I should succeed. The principal despatch I carried was addressed to the famous Chung Wang, who is commander-in-chief of the Taiping forces, and was then in the field with a large army near the city of Soochow. On the way we communicated with the officers in command of each post, who received me very graciously as a messenger on important business from the Tien Wang. Still I could not help observing that their respect for him and his decrees was very different from what I had witnessed among the levies at Nanking. There appeared to me to be an absence of obedience to his commands in obeying the Sabbath, and in other particulars. From what I saw and heard I came to the conclusion that the authority of the great impostor is very little heeded outside the walls of his stronghold, and it diminished the farther I left it behind. Moreover, the licence amongst the soldiers in the camps was worse than anything I ever saw among Tartar troops."

I here asked the question suggested by my superior officer, "Whether the Taipings had a regular embodied force or not?" and a reply in the affirmative was given. "On this point I got information from the officer in charge of my escort. He told me that there was a veteran corps composed of old and well-tried men of several years' standing, many of whom had joined the movement from the beginning. From this corps a draft was taken to form the nucleus of the body of men sent upon any special service or expedition, the remainder of the armed force, in each

case, being younger recruits, or peasants pressed into the service. These would number generally as ten to one of the old rebels, whose duty principally was to bring the younger volunteers or pressed men into a proper state of submission, as well as to inspire courage in those who might recoil from their allegiance. Another plan they have of separating unwilling followers is to draft from one district to another the inhabitants who have been conquered. Besides this, I observed myself that there were not only few men of middle age in their veteran ranks, but an unusual number of boys. Every officer has several attending on him, and where there is one grown-up man, there are two or three youths from twelve to eighteen years of age. These lads have all been kidnapped at various places, but appear delighted with their sanguinary profession. In most cases they act as slave-drivers, forcing the labouring people to carry heavy burdens, and toil at various works that the leaders require to be executed. These peasants are treated most cruelly, and forced to work in chains, under pain of death.

"When we reached that part of the grand canal between Chin-Keang and Soochow," the mandarin continued, "we passed through districts where the soldiery revelled in plenty of food, luxuries, and fine clothes, though as far as I know they did not receive regular pay. Evidently they lived like pirates on whatever they could obtain in the shape of plunder, either in kind or specie. If the capture of a rich city produced a great harvest of booty, the men generally—as in the case of Soochow—benefited by the prize; if otherwise, the neighbouring farmers were compelled to contribute rice, pigs, fowls, vegetables, and the like farm produce, to feed the troops. While travelling along I frequently saw the unfortunate peasants bringing in such supplies to the camps, with chains and ropes round their necks in token of servitude. At length we reached Soochow, where I presented my credentials to Chung Wang, who received me rather coolly when he found that I was not a fighting man. Only those who were acquainted with military tactics were received by him in high estimation. When I pointed out to him the object of my mission to try and secure the neutrality if not the aid of the foreign forces at Shanghai, he smiled incredulously, saying that he had already tried to do so without success. However, he gave me a dispatch to the general in command of the force at Kah-ding, who would direct me what to do. When I reached that place, and was told that I must be a secret emissary and dress as an imperialist, to spy the land about Shanghai and its neighbourhood, I would there and then have abandoned the enterprise; but I saw to have done that would be instant death, so I resolved to keep on good terms with them until I had an opportunity to escape."

The old man here paused in his narration, and gave vent to his feelings in groans of mental agony, holding his head with both hands, and swaying himself from side to side.

"What debasement of my former rank! I, who mingled amongst the most refined people at the imperial court, was now obliged to consort with the lowest ruffians, who committed the vilest acts. But I did save some poor, innocent creatures from the clutches of these monsters. They were a father, mother, and one daughter, living comfortably on a rich farm. The young men of the household were seized, and forced to carry their agricultural produce

to the camp, some distance off. I was left in charge to take care of the property in the house. When the plunderers had gone I told the family to take what portable things were handy, and come with me to Shanghai for protection. They readily agreed to the proposal, and we left without delay, travelling the greater part of the night. It was bitter cold weather as we trudged dolefully along the narrow circuitous paths through the fields, in order to avoid the rebels on the main roads and canals. We scarcely knew our way, except where we found other fugitives coming from the westward, and then, being all creatures in the lowest depths of adversity, we joined in companionship to find some place of relief. For many weary days and nights we travelled the desolate country, and encountered a band of marauders who robbed us of every coin and valuable in our possession, so that when we came in sight of Shanghai we were without food or money to buy any. The only place of refuge open to us was the great temple at the Bubbling Well, where we took up our abode. The farmer, his wife, and daughter, succumbed to the privations they had undergone, and I was fast sinking under the pangs of hunger when you came to my relief. Oh, what horrors I endured in that frightful place. Throughout the livelong day I lay gazing upon those hideous images, and passed the long, weary nights in darkness, with hunger gnawing at my vitals, vainly trying to sleep, while I was disturbed by the groans of the dying. At that terrible time I felt that death would be a happy relief from the agonies I endured both of body and mind. Yet I wished to live, so that I might again have my beloved daughter under my own protection, and out of the hands of these blasphemous impostors and robbers."

This allusion to A-Lee was by no means reassuring, and to divert his thoughts I asked him to give me as clear an idea as he could of the creeks, canals, roads, and paths in the country he had traversed. This he did, and before our interview terminated I acquired a large amount of topographical information which was of the utmost value during the ensuing campaign.

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"From whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body and make it like unto His glorious body."—Phil. iii. 20, 21.

"I LIE in pain," a sufferer said, and sighed;

"Deformed am I," a cripple said, and moaned;

"I live a death, through sin," said one, and groaned;

"I cannot play," a sick child said, and cried;

But unto each an inner voice replied—

A still small voice, falling like holy balm,

The Voice of the Physician grave and calm—

"I knew all pain for thee: for thee I died;"

Nor ended there; but from that tale of wrong,

From the deep mirror of that sympathy,

There rose and swelled a pean full and free,

A mighty music, a sufficing song;

Oh, to each soul 'twas passing sweet and strange,

Singing the glory of the Advent change.

WE
le
from hi
man to o

No. 1